

## TWO WIVES, TWO FIANCEES CLAIM PARKER'S CLERK

Versatile Player in Matrimonial Lottery, the Police Say.

TRACKED BY WIFE NO. 1.

Either Tried Suicide or Fell from Car When Put Under Arrest.

### MARRIAGE EPIGRAMS IN BAGWELL'S LETTERS.

"Marriage is an institution for the blind."  
"When a man thinks seriously of marrying he remains single."  
"An engagement is better than a marriage."  
"When a man says he can manage his wife he means that he can make her do anything she wants to."

Developments to-day incline the detective at Headquarters to the belief that Jack Bagwell, St. Vincent's stenographer, whom they arrested yesterday, is the most versatile and persistent player of the matrimonial lottery they ever met. John J. Brown, as he calls himself, or Eugene Bagwell, alleged bigamist, as the police call him, has to his credit a record of at least two marriages without the formality of a divorce, and now it appears that while the sleuths of the whole country sought him he has been holding confidential jobs in the offices of national leaders of the Democratic party and employing his spare time in courting two young women simultaneously.

When he had been carried to a hospital ward after his alleged attempt to kill himself yesterday afternoon he asked that his fiancée be sent for. From letters which they had found in his pockets the police supposed the fiancée would, of course, be Miss Ryan, a Brooklyn school teacher. But the battered prisoner soon undeceived them. The particular fiancée whose company he craved was Miss Whitaker, whom he said lived at No. 326 Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, Staten Island, where he had lately made his home.

### Worked for "Tom" Taggart.

As a fugitive from justice, Bagwell, under the name of Brown, served Chairman "Tom" Taggart, the National Democratic Committee, as his confidential man, associated himself in trusted positions with many other men of eminence in public affairs.

Upon his arrest yesterday, according to stories of witnesses, he attempted to commit suicide by throwing himself in front of a Broadway car, from the car on which he was being taken to Headquarters by Detectives Conroy and Frazee. The detectives asserted that the incident which nearly cost their prisoner's life was purely an accident, and that he fell from the running-board as they were about to disembark at Houston street.

He is now in St. Vincent's Hospital, a prisoner, with his left arm dislocated and several fingers on his left hand fractured. An ugly scalp wound may conceal a fracture of the skull.

### Much Married, Still Wooer.

From letters found in the young man's possession, it is apparent that he has been a Launcelet among the fair ones in almost every town in the East and Middle West where he has found employment during the last three years. It developed from these letters that Bagwell, already with two wives had become engaged to Miss Cornelia Judson Ryan, a schoolteacher attached to school No. 134, Brooklyn.

Several letters, showing that the young woman had completely lost her heart to the dashing young man upon his proposal of marriage, were found among his effects.

But it was not Miss Ryan, but Miss Whitaker, the Staten Island sweetheart, to whom he sent word of his predicament. Miss Whitaker, a rather pretty and refined-looking young woman, reached St. Vincent's early in the evening and stayed at her lover's bedside nearly all night. She promised to return to see him to-day and on succeeding days, as it is certain that the alleged bigamist will be laid up with his injuries for three or four weeks at least and perhaps longer.

There is some mystery about Miss Whitaker, it seems. The police had understood Bagwell to say she lived at No. 326 Richmond Terrace. A reporter for the Evening World who called at that address this afternoon found it to be a boarding-house. Miss Emily Williams, the proprietor, said that Bagwell, whom she knew as Brown had boarded at her house for the last four or five weeks. He posed as a married man, she said, and on two or three occasions had brought in a tall dark young

### How to Be Happy.

Oh! to be happy, my friend,  
Don't go and be scrappy, my friend;  
Just teeter for money;  
'Tis sweeter than honey;  
Takes dough to be happy, my friend!  
To stack it is jolly, my friend;  
To lack it is folly, my friend;  
For life—do not doubt it—  
Is blighted without it;  
'Tis black melancholy, my friend!  
'Twill come if you'll let it, my friend;  
And don't you forget it, my friend!  
I'm simply advising.  
Try WORLD advertising.  
You'll never regret it, my friend!

## WOMAN WITH GUN GUARDS DOORS OF JERSEY HOUSE OF MYSTERY



Clarence Meyers.

So Constable Trying to Serve Summons Is Baffled.

MAYWOOD WHISPERS.

"Scandal" Involves Meyers, a Divorce Suit and a Beautiful Brunette.

The secret of the House of Mystery may be solved, according to the whispers of the neighbors in the peaceful village of Maywood, N. J. If the secret is out it is because nobody can get in, for listen! In the upper window you can see something that gleams, and even brave Constable Dawson, backed up by New York detectives, says it is a gun. And the gun is in the hands of one who until to-day has held undisputed claim among the tradespeople to the name of Mrs. Clarence Meyers.

The mystery and excitement around Maywood is so thick you can scarcely get through it. Into the mystified Maywood minds has filtered the story of a divorce suit, abandonment and desertion proceedings, baffled constables, held at bay by a resolute lady in a robe du nuit, a twelve-year-old daughter sent scurrying for food, lawyers and devious all sorts of melodramatic details.

The House of Mystery is located in the quiet Passaic road, in one of the most respectable and peaceful parts of the village.

All along, the neighbors have been wondering at the strange goings-on going on there. A beautiful brunette, who drives about in a high dog-cart; a lovely little girl, whose only companions are said to be men, strange visitors from New York, all men; with the exception of a bouncing blonde, have been the only persons in the house besides Mr. Meyers.

Woman Holds Fort. The net excitement in the House of Mystery began yesterday morning when neighbors heard a pounding on the front door. A head was thrust from a window and demanded what was wanted.

There was a string of abuse turned upon the official which his neighbors saw made them shudder. Then there was some gun play. Constable Dawson, Detective Harry A. Osweltz and Lawyer M. W. Minsch stopped short.

The woman with the gun stationed herself in the front hall and in spite of the law's force retreated. The door was locked and bolted again. Early in the morning the tall brunette went out to feed the horse in the barn and after that the neighbors have not seen her.

At 8:30 o'clock the black-haired daughter of Mrs. Meyers was sent out for provisions. After she returned the doors were locked and bolted again. Early in the morning the tall brunette went out to feed the horse in the barn and after that the neighbors have not seen her.

Mrs. Pearl Meyers, a beautiful young woman, who says she wants to be free from the "prisoner of intimacy" who is lavishing money on the woman while he can't pay her even the six dollars and a half alimony allowed her when the decree of separation was granted to her four years ago, is anxiously awaiting the serving of the summons.

Was Once Mrs. Levy. The brunette, who calls herself Mrs. Meyers and who is the wonder of Maywood, is, according to the first Mrs. Meyers, the once wife of Jack Levy, a well-known actor and dancer.

After Levy married her, she went with a man named Edmondson, and it is by this name the child is known. The constable and the New York detectives and lawyers made another recon-

countering expedition to-day, but it was only to get evidence and not bullets. These people have been in that house for a year, said one of the neighbors, but none of us knew them.

The house is situated in a well kept lawn, with a large barn at the rear, and is an attractive home. That is what surprises Mrs. Meyers' proper, "Mrs. Meyers' proper," as Lawyer Minsch calls her, dresses better than any other woman in Maywood or Hackensack, say the neighbors, who never saw such style before.

Down Eleventh avenue as far as Thirty-fifth street and then east; instead of going to the river, he went over to Tenth avenue and turned south. The crowd had reached 10,000 when he turned the sleuths west into Thirty-third street.

Tishjian then walked over to the river and turned south to Thirty-second street. There he walked out on the pier, under the trestle of the Pennsylvania Railroad improvements, and showed where he had intended to dump the head, but he said several men were standing near there and he went back and dropped it at a spot he indicated into the river.

Arraigned in Court. Tishjian was arraigned in the Centre Street Court to-day and formally charged with murder. Inspector McLaughlin, and Detective James J. Hagan, accompanied him to court.

While he was waiting to be arraigned several of the Armenian friends gathered about him, and to them he said, in the hearing of the inspector and others: "I want you to get me witnesses, lots of witnesses who will swear what I mean my brother Mark was a good man. I want you to prove that I should have killed him."

They said they would get many witnesses, and to them he said, "I mean man in the world."

Magistrate Moss listened to a short narration of the case by Inspector McLaughlin and committed Aram to the custody of the Coroner.

Commissioner Robert W. Hubbard of the Cities Department, to-day announced the dismissal from the service of A. B. Cannon, head apothecary at the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island, and at the same time made public the fact that since Jan. 1 nurses and employees, including the undruggable in the institution had indulged in high balls in the noon hour daily until the aggregate reached forty-five gallons of whiskey, all at the expense of the city.

On Sept. 8 Commissioner Hubbard received the following anonymous letter: "Things far up on the roof of the Met. Hospital is nothing but a drug store for the picked up from 12 to 1 o'clock every day. It is nothing but high balls, high balls and still more high balls."

The letter was unsigned, but it struck the Commissioner as being a straight tip on something wrong in the hospital. Dr. Lewis W. Schiller, General Inspector of the hospital, for investigation.

The report of Dr. Schiller showed that 200 gallons of whiskey had been shipped to the Metropolitan Hospital, while the disbursement allowed only accounted for 150 gallons, 50 gallons having disappeared. It was alleged that the whiskey was sold to the employees at all classes the drinks being on the list.

Cannon in his own defense, in a letter written to the Commissioner, stated that at 10 o'clock every day he gave two or three ounces of whiskey to each of his employees.

The Commissioner refused to entertain the unwelcome plea of Cannon, and appointed Charles A. Engel, of the City Hospital, to fill the vacancy. Engel has a 200 year and maintenance.

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## HOWLING MOB CHASES SLAYER OF HIS BROTHER

Pursues Him as He Shows Police Where He Threw Victim's Head.

A howling mob of between 2,000 and 3,000 wildly excited men, women and children followed the Armenian murderer, ARAM TISHJIAN, through the streets of the west side this afternoon while he retraced his steps of last Sunday morning to show the police where he had thrown the head of his brother Mark into the North River.

The mob yelled at Aram: "Murderer!" "Beast!" "Thief!"

The mob's wild cries as the prisoner sounded like one long howl of accusation. The word that was on every tongue in the crowds which filled the streets from side to side was, "Murderer!"

As the crowds swept along they carried with them all sidewalk stands, vegetable stands and everything movable. Wagons and horses were swept along until they could turn into side streets.

Big Crowd at House. Tishjian was driven to the "House of All Nations," where he had killed his brother and dismembered the body, and was told to lead the detectives over the same course he took when he put his brother's head in the valise and dropped it into the river.

At the house a squad of twenty patrolmen had been assigned to guard the prisoner from the crowd. When Aram led the sleuths away from the house at No. 43 Eleventh avenue there were only about 1,000 people in the crowd. This grew to 3,000 in a few minutes.

To the surprise of all, Tishjian went down Eleventh avenue as far as Thirty-fifth street and then east; instead of going to the river, he went over to Tenth avenue and turned south. The crowd had reached 10,000 when he turned the sleuths west into Thirty-third street.

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## MARION GREELY, WHO WANTS TO GIVE BABES AWAY.



WANTS TO GIVE AWAY BABES AND HAVE GOOD TIME

Remarkable Proposal of Mrs. Marion Greely, Who Has Two Children.

Mrs. Marion Greely, of Seaside, Rockaway Beach, a comely woman, thirty-four years old, with her two children—Catherine, aged six, and Lillian, aged two, both bright and pretty, resembling their mother—were in the West Side Police Court to-day under peculiar circumstances. They have been living in Rockaway at No. 119 Boulevard all summer, and are bronzed by the sun and wind.

Dressed in their best, the mother and her little ones came to Manhattan yesterday. Catherine pled Mrs. Greely with questions, while Lillian, a world of wonder in her sweet blue eyes, gazed at the strange sights that greeted her on every hand.

The mother brought candy for the little ones and showed them the sights in the store windows until late at night. Then she began to visit saloons. After two or three visits, bartenders barred her because of the children. She asked a policeman on Sixth avenue to direct her to the nearest police station and he directed her to the station-house in West Thirtieth street.

Sergeant Brenner was on watch as the woman entered. He imagined that she was about to hear a story of desertion and was asking himself how a husband could be so foolish as to leave such a pretty wife and such pretty babies, when Mrs. Greely made a declaration that almost caused him to fall from his chair.

"I want to leave these children here," she said simply, placing Lillian, who was asleep on the desk.

"Are they your children?" asked Brenner.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have full power to give them away. I am a slave to them. Whenever I go out I have to take them along. I came to New York to-day to have a good time, but I can't have it with these children."

"I don't want to leave them on the street because they are good children, and I was afraid some harm might come to them, so I thought I would give them to the city."

"Surely," exclaimed the sergeant, "you don't want to get rid of those pretty children forever."

"That is just what I want to do," said Mrs. Greely. "I haven't been out for a good time since Catherine was born six years ago. I am going to have one now and a lot after this when I have no children to be bothering me down to prosaic every-day life."

Brenner called a policeman and told Mrs. Greely that she would have to go to a cell. He sent the children to the rooms of the Children's Society, where they were cared for. Catherine cried and clung to her mother, but Mrs. Greely appeared to be indifferent.

To Magistrate Mayo, in the West Side Court, she said that her husband works in Washington and sends her plenty of money. She repeated that she was tired of her children. The Magistrate concluded that she must be crazy, and although she volunteered to take the little ones home, he committed her to the care of the Charity Organization Society.

## JERSEY LILY IS HERE, THIS TIME WITH A TITLE

But She Will Appear in Vaudeville Under Old Name.

Lady Hugo de Bathe, otherwise Lillie Langtry, arrived in New York to-day on the American liner Philadelphia. Her husband is with her. On the trip they learned by wireless telegraph of the death of his father, Sir Henry de Bathe, which gives her a title.

She comes for an eighteen "week" engagement in "The Nightfall and the Glore," a skit written by Graham Hill Gore.

The last time she was here she appeared in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" at the Savoy Theatre. She will appear this time in vaudeville.

Asked "why vaudeville," she said: "I worship the golden calf and there is money in vaudeville. That is the reason."

When she left England she had to pass the right immigration inspection which the new law makes necessary. Asked if she had any distinguishing physical features, she said: "A pair of big, blue eyes and a set of beautiful teeth. She said her nationality was 'half American'."

She said to-day she had been on the stage twenty-two years, and her present engagement is the one of all which is to be the supreme delight of her life.

Lady De Bathe said she would not take her new title on the stage with her, but would be known as Langtry as before. She said her husband was not to be brought into her stage life.

Recently her famous horse, Aurina, won the Prince Edward Handicap, a \$10,000 race. She intends to purchase a number of promising colts while in America, she says. Mrs. Langtry was once a sweetheart of Fred Goodard, a "wildcatter" who has been in the "wild" for some time. The marriage was mentioned to Lady De Bathe, and she said: "One should forget such things. Cannot a woman have more than one sweetheart? Why, certainly she can, and she ought to."

Mrs. Langtry was met in a launch down the Bay by John Symes, manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and taken to the Georgian Hotel.

The Coward Shoe. The Combination Shoe is a combination of sizes—two widths narrower over the instep than the regular size—plenty of room over the toes and fits snug at the arch.

For Men and Women. SOLD NOWHERE ELSE. JAMES S. COWARD, 268-274 Greenwich St., N. Y. (NEAR WARREN STREET.) Mail Orders Filled. Send for Catalogue.

TO MOTHERS! Perfect Food While Nursing. ROBINSON'S ENGLISH PATENT GROATS. THE ONLY INFANT FOOD ROBINSON'S ENGLISH PATENT BARLEY. Royal Letters Patent Granted 1823. Trade Mark Red Seal. All Grocers and Druggists. Importers JAMES P. SMITH & COMPANY, NEW YORK-CHICAGO-PARIS. PIANOS AND ORGANS.

10 PIANOS \$20 EACH Terms, \$5 Down, \$3 Monthly. These Square Pianos have come to us in exchange; they are worth fully \$100. All in perfect order and must be sold regardless of the cost. Will take back in 3 years for a new Piano and allow full amount. ANDERSON & CO., 370 Fulton St. Near Smith St., Brooklyn.

H. Altman & Co. WILL HOLD A SPECIAL SALE BEGINNING MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, OF FABRICS FOR DRAPERIES, FURNITURE COVERINGS, WALL HANGINGS, ETC. AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES. COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, AND CONTINUING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, STORE WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL SIX P. M.

What a difference in the morning! after 10 days of POSTUM "There's a reason"